King. Heere, with a cup that's stur'd unto the brim,
As you doe love, fill to your Mistresse lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a shew might countervaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa?*
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O attend my daughter,
Princes in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondered at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alas my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'l move me else.
Thai. Now by the gods, he could not please me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wishing it so much bloud unto your life,
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentle man of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seaes reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wracke, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

Bereft

Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
King. Now by the gods I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which lookes for other revels.
Even in your armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying that
Lowd musicke is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.
They dance.
So, this was well asked, t'was so well performde,
Come sir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord)
King. O that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courtesie: unclaspe, unclaspe.
They dance.
Thankes gentlemen to all; all have done well,
But you the best: Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their severall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we have given order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of love,
And that's the marke I know you levell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding doe their best.

Enter Hellicanes and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which the most high gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; even in the height and pride

Of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo